

PROBATIONARY

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FOR THE

PROBATIONARY

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ROYAL ACADEMY

FOR THE

LAUREATSHIP

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THREE VOLUMES.

PROBATIONARY

OF THE

LAUREATSHIP

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

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PROBATIONARY O D E

FOR THE

LAUREATSHIP

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Europe - Britain - London:-

ROYAL ACADEMY.

App

BY

A TAG-RAG OF THE SACRED NINE.

SCIRE TUUM NIHIL EST NISI TE SCIRE HOC SCIAT ALTER.

PERS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. FAULDER, New Bond Street, Corner of Maddox Street. 1786.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

PROBATIONARY

OF THE

FOR THE

LAUREL SHIP

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

BY

A TAG-BAG OF THE SACRED NINE

SCIRE TERN NINE EST DIT YE SCIRE HOG SCIT ATTER.

There

L O N D O N

Printed for R. Foulsham, New Bond Street, Corner of Madison Street, 1796.



[PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS]

P R O B A T I O N A R Y

O D E, &c. &c.

WHEN lyric PETER drops the quill,
And will not write, there are who will,
And let me tell thee PETER, not
That these same lines, tho' not my best,
Are somewhat witty, and express'd
In very pretty metre.

The Poet's dainty morsel, praise;
A vegetable hard to raise,
As out of season faller;

Y Spite of the Critic Season's frown, R P
I keep in hotbed of my own,
To pamper my own palate.

III.

But, be the Bard of whate'er claim
Who gives not genius all its fame,
Tho' genius need not heed him;
Confin'd to garret in the Mint,
May all his produce not pay print,
And none but dunces read him.

IV.

Oh, REYNOLDS I might this humble song W
Thy fame in equal phrase prolong, liw bnA
Not time should level either; bnA
But colours fade and sounds subside; tshT
And crab and pippin down the tide A
We apples swim together. in very ni

V.

B. WEST!—like Neptune, at a stride
 O'er cataracts deep and valleys wide;
 Rush brute and *Thane* so loyal.*
 “Great Wits may gloriously offend,
 “And rise to faults we dare not mend,”
 For PERSONAGES ROYAL.

VI.

And faults, according to the scale,
 Will now diminish, now prevail,
 The laurel to the victor;
 The picture, measuring twelve by nine,
 Of colour rich, and grand design,
 Must be a noble picture.

* Alexander, Third King of Scotland, rescued from the Fury of a Stag, &c.

† King Edward V. and his Brother murdered in the Tower.

VII.

But trust the Muses sybil breath,
 This double triumph over death,*
 The painter and the painted;
 When WEST shall mingle with the dead,
 This picture dropping shred by shred,
 Shall every shred be fainter.

VIII.

Still, NORTHCOTE, may thy pencil flow
 O'er each historic tale of woe.†
 Sure never form so savage,
 O'er sleeping beauty half so fair,
 Breath'd the pestiferous air,
 Or work'd such impious ravage.†

* The Resurrection, by B. WEST.

† King Edward V. and his Brother murdered in the Tower.

IX.

GARRARD, thy Horfes all alive,
 In native tints will never thrive,
 They want a glare of colour;
 Nature, an antiquated dame,
 Without her rouge can raife no flame,
 Give genius to the muller.

X.

Thy Landscapes—nature all, and truth,
 Betray no fymptom of thy youth,
 No rocks fustain'd by magic;
 No leaden furf on golden fand,
 Yielding like filk to fcenic hand,
 Beget ideas tragic.

XI.

Oh, LOUTHERBOURG !—I fay no more,
 But look upon that batter'd shore :—
 Some elemental battle
 Has fown the land with fruitful ftones,
 Fractur'd, thank God, no Chriftian bones,
 Nor hurt the harmlefs cattle !

XII.

Of ought in heaven or earth below,
Or waters under earth that flow,
The like thou shalt not make thee;
Such pictures are there—sign of grace!
MARIA, whilst in saving case,
Oblivion's bosom take thee!—

XIII.

R. COSWAY, *Armigier*, R. A.
As truth demands the critic lay,
Thou canst not paint, oh, Cozzy!
But in some Ancient's after-track:
As on the Rambler's brawny back
Rides Caledonian Bozzy.

XIV.

I've seen in Pater-noster-Row,
Where authors out of authors grow,
Just so, some print of *Grignion*;
By turns Don Quixote, or Saint Paul,
Alfred, or Amidis de Gaul,
The periodic minion.

XV.

OPIE, thy death of Scotland's King,
Is what we call a damn'd fine thing,—
But some pictorial coiner,
Has struck thy currency in brass,—
Such wretched stuff can never pass,
As that same *copper miner*.

XVI.

HOPNER!--but here a hero skill'd,
The pen and pencil both to wield,
Must feel ignoble lashes;
Whether he join the mimic herd,
Or stand alone,—upon my word,
His painting wretched trash is.

XVII.

Not blindly heeding what she hears,
How he may write the Muse forbears
In tenderness to mention;
But what should grace his black and white,
His colours boast not—by this light!
Nor judgment, nor invention.

XVIII.

FUSELI, constant as the year;
Still soaring high, or groveling near,
About it and about it;
Of what they hear, or what they read,
By dint of thinking some succeed,
And some can do without it.

XIX.

'Tis not enough an Artist once
Has ris'n to notice, not a dunce,
Nor shall it after screen him;
Such are but insects of a day,
The next shall brush them all away :
Who will may say I mean him.

XX.

As in the ears of Parliament
Grumbles some moody discontent,
Till gag'd with place or pension;
So in a strippling Artist's way,
Throw the sweet sop inscribed R. A.
Tis poison to invention.

XXI.

Oh, George ! discharge this venal train,
Dissolve to common air again
The meed of rising merit——
GARVEYS, RIGAUDS, shall disappear,
And COPLEYS, FARRINGTONS next year,
Who won the Laurel, wear it.

XXII.

Old CATTON had a boy, 'tis said,
And whether he's alive or dead
We'd ask—but lo ! he's here !
Among the crew who write their name
Because their fathers rose to fame,
Like BILLY PITT, the Premier.

XXIII.

Muse, lash the puppies thro' the town,
Who'd buy or steal, to make their own
The worth they can't inherit ;
Who'd circumscribe his rising fame—
Or fully with a paltry name.—
T. ROWLANDSON has merit.

XXIV.

NOW GAINSBOROUGH, to thee I call,
Who once so graced this graceless wall :
Whose palette daub'd with colour,
Has more effect an hundred times,
Than such the refuge of these rhymes,
And is of fancy fuller.——

XXV.

Return again,—Return, Oh, WRIGHT !
To grace our Academic Night,
And fame await thy pictures ;
So long as Sun shall gild the day,
Or Moon dispense her milder ray——
Nor heed Pindaric strictures.

XXVI.

Many an Artist of rare fame,
Unlucky in a gingling name,
In line of ruthless *Peter*,
Has sunk from good to bad, to worse ;
Till fairly damn'd in annual verse ;
To suit his wicked metre.

XXVII.

Evaporated in a whif !-----
Or hast thou, PETERS, taken tiff ?
If either, it were pity ;
For, parson, 'tis a gospel truth,
In female grace and florid youth
Thy heads were more than pretty.

XXVIII.

Now for the rest ; a motly crew,
Black, white, red, yellow, green, and blue,
This stanza for their leisure ;
Just as they occupy the wall,
Frame, gilding, canvas, paint, and all,
Their merit is their measure.

11:7:49

FINIS.

XXVII.

Evaporated in a whiff!-----
Or half thou, PETERS, taken tiff!
If either it were pity;
For, parson, 'tis a gospel truth,
In female grace and florid youth
Thy heads were more than pretty.

XXVIII.

Now for the rest; a motly crew,
Black, white, red, yellow, green, and blue,
This stanza for their leisure;
Just as they occupy the wall,
Frame, gilding, canvas, paint, and all,
Their merit is their measure.

FINIS.